

THE WORLD.

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THE CIRCULATION OF THE
EVENING EDITION
OF
THE WORLD
for the week ending Saturday, April 14, was
as follows:

MONDAY.....	100,320
TUESDAY.....	94,380
WEDNESDAY.....	102,300
THURSDAY.....	100,820
FRIDAY.....	100,480
SATURDAY.....	98,160

Average for the entire
Month of March.....106,291

THE DOOMED EMPEROR.

The Emperor of a month is obviously near his end.

To wait so many years for the crown and to wear it only through a few torturing and agonized days of slow death—what an irony of fate!

The liberal instincts and peaceful principles of Emperor Frederick will make his death a great loss to Germany and a menace to the peace of Europe.

THANKS TO "THE WORLD."

The Albany Grand Jury did not think the evidence of a distinct offer to bribe a Senator sufficient to warrant the indictment of Lobbyist Woon—perhaps because he did not actually shake the money in the Senator's face—but it did resolve and report to the Court.

That in the opinion of the Grand Jury the gratitude of the people of the state, and more particularly of the county of Albany, is due to the New York World for its diligent efforts to suppress the legislative lobby, and express the hope that further evidence may be obtained sufficient to indict and convict the guilty parties.

It is encouraging to hear officially that there is actually a "legislative lobby," and that there are "guilty parties" at the State capital. From the talk of some of the Assemblymen, and the tone of their journalistic champions, the people might suppose that the lobby is a myth.

THE WORLD knows and has proved differently.

LEGAL HOLIDAYS.

There are eight legal holidays in this State, besides Sundays and including Election Day. This, says the Sun, "is enough—we are quite liberally provided." It opposes making Saturday a holiday during any part of the year. "Sunday is a holiday already," says the corporation organ, "and two holidays should not come together."

What sort of a holiday is Sunday for working people, with the Art Museum, the picture galleries and libraries closed, all sports and games prohibited, and nothing to do except to go to church, wander in the deserted streets, or walk in the parks? Sunday is a boon as a day of rest, but not working people deserving of a little fun and recreation?

Let the Saturday Half Holiday stand.

Another coincidence in fatalities: two little girls have died within a week from swallowing a toy balloon. The "laws of disorder," as STARR KING called them, are nearly as certain as the law of order. "It never rains but it pours."

The opinion of business men and engineers in both New York and Brooklyn is almost unanimously against the complicated and extravagant WELLINGTON plan to saddle the Bridge with \$6,000,000 more of debt.

Having devoted four months to concocting schemes for spending the surplus, Congress to-day begins the consideration of a bill to stop it. More shrewdness to its knife and more power to its arm!

The brewing of beer has been greatly curtailed and the brewing of trouble given a boom. It is a poor exchange.

There is a beer pool, but there will soon be no pools of beer if the lookout isn't picked.

Was EMERSON a post-prophet when he wrote: "God said, 'I am tired of Kings'?"

Who would have thought that the brewers would start a prohibition movement?

On the Hotel Registers.

M. H. Hart, of Chicago, has rooms at the Sturtevant.

E. M. Sherman, of Boston, is at the Gilsey with friends.

A. G. Cook, of Oswego, receives his friends at the Fifth Avenue.

The Grand shelters E. W. Henck, of Florida, and B. L. Taylor, of Watertown.

At the Astor are N. F. Ryder, of Boston, and George B. Hoff, of Chicago.

John C. Jew, editor of the Indianapolis Journal, is receiving his friends at the Gilsey.

O. W. Cather, Collector of Customs at Suspension Bridge, has rooms at the Hoffman.

The St. James shelters W. W. Osborne, of Milwaukee, and C. H. Gifford, of Montreal.

Wm. B. Gage, one of the proprietors of the United States Hotel at Saratoga, is at the Fifth Avenue.

Col. John F. Gaylor, of Gov. Hill's staff, has just returned from abroad. He has rooms at the Hoffman.

Theo. B. Russell, one of the Forest Commissioners of New York State, has accommodations at the Fifth Avenue.

At the Union Square Hotel are J. V. Woodward, of Albany; A. N. Knox, of Hartford, and B. C. Leonard, of Boston.

Staying at the Hotel Dan are A. L. Buttrick, of Providence; J. C. Foster, of Portland, and E. C. Brown, of Philadelphia.

Registered at the Morton House are W. H. Stuart, of Philadelphia; A. C. Parker, of New Haven; P. H. Irving, of Boston; F. Turner, of Troy, and George Van Ausden, of Troy.

TO BE HAD AT FULTON MARKET.

Chowchow, 30 cents a quart.
Maple syrup, 50 cents a bottle.
Strawberries to 50 cents again.
Smoked tongue, 10 cents a pound.
Cincinnati boogie, 30 cents a pound.
There was a trigger fish on exhibition in Fulton Market this morning. The fish was caught in Jersey, weighs four pounds, and is about 18 inches long and 4 inches around the centre of the body.

SEEN IN MADISON SQUARE.

Editor Morris R. Wise saluting his friends.
"Today," Hamilton, with an array of press notices of Barnum.
Justice Duff resting from his work of sending up naughty men and women.
Clerk Brockway, of the Gilsey House, with a vision of loveliness on his arm.
Luther R. Marsh, followed by a small boy carrying an armful of spirit paintings.
Digby W. Chandler, with a pair of fencing foils protruding from under his overcoat.

BALL ON STATEN ISLAND.

John Woodhouse is a good scorer.
Edward Doyle, of St. George is a good manager.
Steve Murray, of Tompkinsville, is good at the bat.
John Phillips, of Tompkinsville, is good at first base.
James Horton, of the S. I. R. T., is a good spectator.
Thomas Cleary, of New Brighton, is a good fielder.
George Bryant, of Tompkinsville, is a good catcher.
Robert Murphy, of Tompkinsville, is a good pitcher.
William Tranter, of West New Brighton, is a good catcher.

ABOUT OUR LOCAL STATESMEN.

Plumbers are still at work repairing the drainage-pipes of the City Hall. The Mayor's office will not be reopened by Mayor Hewitt till June 1.

Local statesmen are wondering why ex-Mayor Grace and Charity Commissioner Simmons are no longer personal and political friends.

Commissioner Richard Croker has been elected a member of the Manhattan Club. Ex-Sheriff James O'Brien is angry at the Governors of the club for admitting Croker to membership.

Harlem appears to be an asylum for politicians who have lost their grip downtown. The Twenty-third Assembly District could muster a regiment of ex-officers, holders, ex-candidates and ex-district bosses.

"Let me see," said a Morton House statesman: "The Tammany Hall Senators—Grady, Tamm and Browning—got Hall Columbia for opposing Gov. Cleveland's nomination. How about Senators Murphy and Langbein—County Democracy—opposing Gov. Hill's nomination?"

Neither Tammany Hall nor the County Democracy has taken any position regarding the Saturday Half-Holiday law. Many of the friends of the working people are wondering why the local Democratic machines have not condemned the efforts to repeal the law that was enacted for the health and benefit of the toilers.



In Boston, Massachusetts.
(From Puck.)
Miss Cult—Dear Mr. Puck, I am an admirer of the Boston Herald, Mr. Hudson.
Mr. Hudson—Why, really—upon honor, you know, I haven't read a word—
Miss Cult—That's strange. I was told the other day that you just devoted Carver with the greatest delight.

WORLDLINGS.
The little town of Klingen, in Bavaria, is a perfect example of a Socialistic community, all the land being the property of the citizens in common.
There are said to be fully two hundred women employed in editorial capacities on the various newspapers and journals published in New York. Twenty-five years ago there were not one-tenth of this number similarly employed.

Mr. Harrison Gillard, of Chili, Ind., is mourning the death of a pet Indian boy that was foiled in 1857, and was therefore, in all probability, the oldest boy in the United States. Almost up to the day of its death the pony was driven in harness.

Mrs. Cyrus A. Koch, of Pittsburgh, has recently had removed from her ear a beetle which lodged there eleven years ago while she was attending a picnic. The beetle was three-quarters of an inch long. It had been preserved intact all these years by the wax in the ear.

Probably the oldest employee of the Government in term of service is Lindsay Muse, an ancient colored man who has stood guard at the door of the Secretary of the Navy since 1828. He is eighty years old, and growing so feeble that he will probably be forced to relinquish his post.

Miss Anna Gann, of Charleston, S. C., who has announced that she will be a candidate for the office of County School Commissioner, is the first lady in the South, so far as is known, to run for office. She is possessed of independent means, is a hard student, and has been prominent in church and school work.

Judge John Schofield, with whose name rumor has been busy in connection with the Chief Justiceship, is fifty-four years old, and is the son of a Pennsylvania Quaker. He started life as a stationer, and paid for his schooling by doing clothes and odd jobs around a farm-house. He was admitted to the bar at Marechal, Ill., when twenty-two years old.

Mrs. Anne Bevan, the well-known English radical thinker and lecturer, is described by a correspondent who recently saw her as a well-proportioned lady of medium height and upright bearing, with a face of somewhat masculine cut, every line in it indicating determination and resolute purpose. Her voice, however, is pleasant and well modulated and her manner is gentle.

A celebrated Parisian scientist, Dr. Delaunay, has made the remarkable discovery that centrifugal movements are characteristic of intelligence and higher development, while centripetal are a mark of incomplete evolution. In other words, the person who naturally draws a circle, for example, from left to right possesses a higher grade of intelligence than one who draws from right to left.

Smoked 100 Cigarettes a Day and Had Pits.
(SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.)
BRIDGEPORT, Conn., April 11.—William Stoddard, aged sixteen, had a succession of fits last evening in the Public Library. He is an inveterate cigarette smoker. Saturday, when young Joseph Melius died from the effects of cigarette smoking, Stoddard said that he "could smoke five packages a day and think nothing of it."

Stella once smoked four packages a day. Stoddard was taken home in a very ill state and frothing at the mouth. He is very ill.

THE STOLEN PLATES.

OR,
How the United States Treasury Department Was Robbed.

A Detective Story Permitted by
HENRY V. STEERS,
Inspector of the Metropolitan Police.

CHAPTER II—CONTINUED.

[WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE EVENING WORLD.]
When the station-house was reached mother and daughter were asked for their pedigree—a necessary part of police regulations. The elder one gave the name of Baumann to which the younger assented and their place of residence they said was Melrose. The Sergeant felt assured that the women were lying to him and had given a false name so as to hide their identity. He decided promptly what his course should be and he acted upon it. He separated the women and assigned them to cells distant from each other so as to prevent any communication or the possibility of collusion. This action had its desired effect.

TEARS FLOW FREELY.
Casting a fond look, the women rushed into each other's arms and wept freely as they swayed back and forth. It was a sad and affecting scene, but it brought out a portion of the truth, and as they were separated and placed in the custody of sturdy policemen, their tears broke out afresh, and they separated murmuring the holy words of "Mother," and "My darling child."

It was a bitter night's experience for these women, and they paced their lonely cells for hours, weeping and moaning at intervals, until nature asserted its supremacy, and both fell asleep.

The Sergeant visited Melrose on Monday, but nowhere could he find a trace of any persons of the name they had given, nor could he learn that suspicion attached to any family in the village of dealing in bogus money. He concluded that his only certain avenue of information lay through the cells in which the prisoners were confined, and he put the same pumping process in operation, which has since been adopted by all shrewd and observing detectives.

CHAPTER III.
OTHER and daughter chafed under restraint, but heroically maintained silence, not even asking to communicate with friends. They were held as United States prisoners, and it was not necessary to take them to a police court. Meantime Sergeant.

Steers was working like a Trojan to gain a clue to the identity of his close-mouthed prisoners and to secure evidence that would lead him to the spot where the "queer" was being killed.

By dint of perseverance, aided by rare shrewdness, he gathered little by little, on separate examinations, sufficient information to enable him to weave a perfect chain of evidence. He learned that the women's real names were Ann and Mary Walker, and that they resided in a pretty cottage in Melrose with Edward Walker, the husband and father, and Joseph Walker, a brother of Mary. The men were mechanics and worked in a factory at 47 Gold street.

The women were returned to their cells and were allowed to share one another's woes, and Sergeant Steers secured a warrant from John L. Davenport, then a United States Commissioner, to arrest the entire family and seize all unlawful property found in their possession.

IN THE COUNTERFEITER'S DEN.
Three long weeks had passed since the fatal Saturday night when mother and daughter were lodged in a cell, and now patience was about to reap its reward. The Sergeant started one day for Melrose, and on Mott street found the Walker homestead—a cosy little cottage nestling between tall trees and surrounded with shrubbery. He knocked at the door and soon was face to face with Edward Walker, a man of fifty-five years, and whose dark brown hair and beard were tinged with gray. The man made no resistance, and, seeing that his game was up, made the very best he could of a poor job. While quietly submitting to the officers of the law, he volunteered no information and was determined not to make a confession.

How he had been tracked he was at a loss to conjecture. He was yet in total ignorance of the location of his wife and daughter, had not been informed of their arrest, and, of course, did not suspect them of having turned informers. He led Sergeant Steers upstairs, and in a hall bedroom Joe Walker, the son, was found in bed. It was evident to the practised eye of the Sergeant that the young man had made a hurried dive into his couch with an intention of covering up evidence of the crime of the family.

He was ordered to arise and dress himself, which he reluctantly did, when the prisoners were turned over to the custody of an officer, while Sergeant Steers began his search for the stolen Government plates and other materials for manufacturing counterfeit currency. The first thing he did was to turn over the bed on which Joe had been reclining, and on a strip of plank between the mattresses he found \$500 in counterfeit notes, a press, "hubs" of superior workmanship and the long-lost and much-sought-after plates.

A SAD REUNION.
The prisoners, together with their precious find, were driven to the Tremont station-house, and there was a very sad and fearful reunion of the sundered Walker family.

RED TAPE, IF NOT WORSE.
Sergeant Steers next saw the Chief of the Secret Service, and turned the plates, "hubs" and press over to his custody, taking a receipt therefor, but when he claimed the \$5,000 reward he was told very curtly that Chief Whitney, in New York, must recommend and endorse his papers as a claimant. The disappointed Sergeant returned to New York and had a stormy interview with Whitney, who claimed half of the reward without doing any of the work or even possessing knowledge of the capture until he read of it in the morning newspapers.

Steers is mild when stroked and fierce if provoked, and on this occasion he was fierce. He read the riot act to Whitney, told him in straight Anglo-Saxon what he thought of him and his methods, poured an offering of him to the Secret Service and left at \$5 a day as an informer, and left the presence of Whitney in no amiable frame of mind.

Was the \$5,000 reward paid by the Government for the capture of the Walker family and the recovery of the plates stolen from the Treasury Department in Washington? If so, who got it? One thing is certain it did not reach Sergeant Steers, the only man who had earned it.

FATHER KELLY'S HOME.
Immigrant Girls Cared For Without Charge and Irrespective of Faith.
Persons interested in the welfare of immigrants will read with pleasure the following extract taken from the rules just put up by the Rev. Father Kelly in the Home for Immigrant Girls, at 7 State street.

This Home is intended exclusively for immigrant girls, Protestant and Catholic, who are made welcome until they can continue their journey, wait for their friends, or until they find employment.
No charge is made for board or lodging, but it is expected that those who have money will contribute a little towards the support of the mission, so as to enable Father Kelly to extend hospitality to such girls as may have neither money or friends.

All girls staying over night in the Home are required (if not already accepted) to attend devotions in the chapel before retiring to their sleeping apartments.

FOR SAURIANS AND A PACHYDERM.
Eight Alligators and a Hippopotamus to be Exhibited in Central Park.
An alligator tank is constructing in the old elephants' inclosure in Central Park. It measures 15x52 feet and is intended to accommodate the one half-grown alligator and the seven small alligators that have been wintering in the boiler-room of the Arsenal. Inside the lion-house workmen are putting up a cage for the male hippopotamus lately purchased from the Cincinnati Museum for \$5,000 and which is expected to arrive next Thursday.

Lucky He Was Out of Training.
(From Puck.)
Tramp—"I trouble you for your watch and pocket-book, young feller."
Young feller (handing them out)—Well, take them, but it's lucky for you that you didn't strike me a couple of times, for I was training for the amateur boxing championship.

KEER IS GETTING NERVOUS.
Willing to Spend \$1,000,000 to Get Out of His Present Fix.
Thomas B. Kerr, who is one of these days to be placed on trial on a charge of being one of the principal bribers of the 1884 Board of Aldermen in the city. He returned from the South a few days ago, but he kept himself secluded until last evening, when he was seen at the Hoffman House.

It is said that he is very anxious to be tried outside of New York City, and it is known that his friends are circulating a petition favoring a change of venue. The presentation of a petition to a court asking that Mr. Kerr be tried elsewhere has not been a novelty in the kooky business. Hundreds of the frequenters of the uptown hotels, it is understood, have signed the petition.

Mr. Kerr is estimated to be worth at least \$3,000,000, and he is feeling very nervous and nervous over his coming trial.

A gentleman who knows him well said, to-day to an Evening World reporter: "He would give or spend \$1,000,000 to be out of the box that he is in. If money can save him from going to prison, he will never wear his stripes."

The friends of John Keenan say that he will never turn informer. They say that he is building houses in Montreal, and that the climate suits him better than the climate of Manhattan island.

Stop Ball-Playing in the Street.
To the Editor of the Evening World:
Cannot THE EVENING WORLD do something to stop a lot of boys playing ball every Sunday in Tenth street, near First Avenue?

This evening a young lady was going up a street car for her daily ride, and was met from a bat in the breast. She went up Tenth street weeping and the boys kept on playing. It seems to me that the police are derelict in their duty in allowing them to play.

I have not missed a copy of THE WORLD since 1884.
W. H. M.

Mr. Shafer Has a Grievance.
The Lady with case was set down to-day before Justice R. Brown, because of the absence of Frederick R. Condit and Col. George Blue, counsel for Daniel R. Lydie's widow, it was adjourned for a week.

John Shafer, counsel for the contestants, indulged in comment upon the press. He claimed to have been abused by certain newspapers. He said that a newspaper had said the decency due a lawyer, and remarked that a lawyer made a statement not in an affidavit his word should be believed. He said that his statements had always been misconstrued.

There was no more bravado, and as the full truth of their situation dawned upon them, reproaches were followed by regrets, and in the end there was an entire family in tears.

The trial was not delayed long, and conviction was followed by a swift sentence. The men were sent away for ten years, and the mother and daughter were sentenced to the penitentiary for three years each.

Sergeant Steers had accomplished all this excellent service, and felt that he was fully entitled to the \$5,000 reward. Securing a leave of absence, he made a trip to Washington. He was ushered into the presence of the lordly Attorney-General, "Landauet" Williams. That pompous officer was very stiff and froze out the sergeant of New York City, telling him that Mr. Banfield, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, was the man to deal with such minor matters. Mr. Banfield listened to the story of the Sergeant, congratulated him upon his splendid work, and said that he deserved recognition at the hands of the Government for recovering the plates which the Secret Service men had been hunting after for three years.

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One Burglar Dead, Two in Jail.
John Miller and Jacob Stenkel, the companions of August Reinhardt, who was shot and killed by Policeman McCormack while the three were engaged in a burglary at the residence of ex-Senator Schuchter, were sent to Sing Sing for four years and eight months in the General Sessions Court to-day.

SENATOR MURPHY'S NEW BILL.
His Constituents Surprised at His Railway Court Measure.
Judges, lawyers and politicians are discussing a bill recently introduced in the Senate by Col. M. C. Murphy, entitled "An act to establish a Court of Limited Jurisdiction in the City of New York." The proposed new court is said by the friends of Senator Murphy to have jurisdiction in all cases of damages done to property by corporations, companies and monopolies.

The court is to be known as the "Court of Railroad Damage Claims," and is to consist of three judges appointed by the Chief Justices of the Supreme, Common Pleas and Superior Courts. Their terms are to be six years, at an annual salary of \$10,000 each. Clerks and attendants are provided for.

The judges are opposed to the proposed new court. Judge Van Brunt thinks that the elevated roads are in favor of the new court and have originated the idea. The Judge hinted that the elevated roads have become frightened at the recent suits for damages decided against them.

Judge Sedgwick says that he did not know of the proposition for the establishment of the new court until he saw the bill in one of the newspapers. "I think," he said, "that the bill as it stands is unconstitutional. I do not imagine that it will become a law."

The constituents of Senator Murphy are not reconciled to him for carrying out his proposition, especially as it makes the Judge of the new court appointive and not elective.

No Reason Known for Bradlee's Suicide.
The body of Wm. F. Bradlee, who took his own life yesterday at the Hotel Traymore, at Atlantic City, was taken to New York to-day by the New York City and New Jersey Railroad. The body was taken to the residence of Bradlee's brother-in-law, who lives at New Brighton, and would take charge of the remains. No reason is known for the suicide.

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